

The Evening World

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SAID on the Side.

"ABOUT the only thing I brag of," says John L. Sullivan, "is that I never smoked a cigarette." That is something. On the score of his confirmed antipathy to the "coffin nail," the ex-champion could qualify as a member of the Tennessee or Iowa Legislature. The agitation against the cigarette is now world-wide, extending from America to India, where their consumption has increased nearly 100 per cent. in four years. "But why is it," asks a correspondent, "that the population of Southern Europe can smoke cigarettes to any extent and continue the practice for generations without apparent injury?" Is it a question of the quality of the tobacco, or the susceptibility of the smoker's nervous system?

As anniversaries go, that of Mrs. Saunders, "pioneer typewriter," celebrating her thirtieth year at the keyboard is of more popular interest than the 300th anniversary of Don Quixote, also occurring this week. The Don demolished the windmills of chivalry, but Mrs. Saunders may be said to have created a new occupation for woman which has made her a power in the business world. The army of American typewriters now numbers 112,364. In New York State there are 21,463, of whom 18,664 are women. In this city the women number 10,868, the men 3,225. It is curious to note that of the women operators in the State some 9,900

are or foreign birth or foreign parentage as against 6,700 of native-born parents. That has not been the general belief.

Complaint is periodically made of the dull uniformity of men's dress. It has possibilities for the inventive mind. Gen. Funston realized some of them by wearing his army epaulettes with his "dress suit" at the Chicago Charity Ball. Lummis, the California author, startled Washington the other day by wearing a green velvet corduroy suit bound at the waist with a brilliant sash.

The bridge station Subway passenger does not relish the extension of the road to Fulton street. He now says things under his breath as the well-filled trains roll in place of the empties of a week ago. His three months' experience of getting a seat has spoiled him.

Perry Hunt's project of raising rattlesnakes for the New York market has its originality to commend it. On a menu which includes frogs' legs, snails and eels there may some day be a place for sauteed snake. Travelers who have eaten rattlesnakes as the alternative to starvation have testified to their sweetness. But inherited prejudices die hard. The guests of Montaigne's joking host at once fell ill when informed that the rabbit they had dined on was baked cat.

The Man Higher Up.

... By Martin Green ...

The People of Brooklyn Are Treated Like Swine by the B. R. T. Because They Stand for It.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that there is a determined revolt among the people against the methods of the Brooklyn Rotten Transit system."

"This determined revolt on the part of the inhabitants of Brooklyn is a continuous performance," replied the Man Higher Up. "The people will and will and tear each other's clothes and stamp on each other's heads and punch each other in the eye. And all their effort goes about as far as a mouth organ in a brass band. 'Why are the people of Brooklyn treated by the B. R. T. like the humble swine? Because they stand for it. Why do they stand for it? Because they live in Brooklyn. The next question in this argument, and one that breaks the circle, is, Why do they live in Brooklyn? There is no answer to this question. 'The railroad people don't care. They are playing the people against

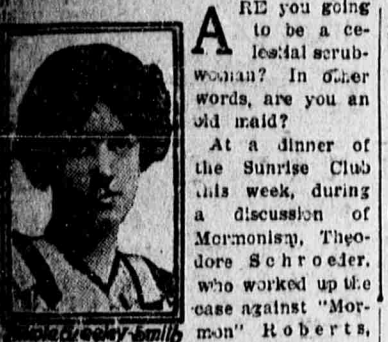
themselves. The clamorously clad manipulator of the nuts at a county fair is in a hazardous occupation compared to that of the B. R. T. managers. I'll put you wise to how."

"Supposing the people of Brooklyn should rise in their might some evening and refuse to go through the pen at the Brooklyn end of the bridge. Supposing they should gather in thousands and thousands and tell the servants of the corporation that, unless more cars and better accommodations were furnished, they would proceed to kick the terminal down. And supposing that, goaded at last to desperation—gee! but this is a hard supposition—they should proceed to hit the B. R. T. where it lives by destroying its property, what would happen?"

"Who would come along and beat the Brooklyn reconcentrados over the head and punch them in the ribs and kick them from the rear? The police, the paid servants of the people! There would be the police working for the B. R. T. Can you beat it?" "We pay the police to enforce the laws," asserted the Cigar Store Man. "Yes," said the Man Higher Up, "and they are never more vigorous in enforcing them than when a corporation sends in a hurry call for the reserves."

Celestial Scrubwomen

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



ARE you going to be a celestial scrubwoman? In other words, are you an old maid?

At a dinner of the Sunrise Club this week, during a discussion of Mormonism, Theodore Schroeder, who worked up the case against "Mormon" Roberts, made the statement that, according to the tenets of that creed, old maids, if they have been very good, cannot get to Heaven except as "ministering angels," which he termed a sort of celestial scrubwomen.

We all know that, according to the belief of the Latter-Day Saints, only married women merit Heaven. It seems to be that, shocking as most Mormon beliefs are, there is really something

in this one to deserve the attention of Intelligent Gentiles.

The delights of another and better world are generally taken to be in the nature of compensation for the evils of this one. But, as the old maid manages, by the very condition so described, to sidestep most of these evils, how may she earn anything better than what falls to her lot here? Compared to the fate which befalls her sisters who marry, and, according to the Mormon idea, by so doing merit Heaven, hers is a veritable Heaven on earth.

It is the fashion to pity the old maid. But why? Her lot is a narrow one, to be sure, but the older we get the more likely we are to appreciate the advantages of narrowness.

Her life in this world is distinctly her own. It is hers to do with as she pleases, and why should she be entitled to another? The married woman, on the contrary, if she has children, has scarcely a moment she may call her own. She gives her life to others, and therefore she is fairly and equally entitled to a new deal.

For convenience, comfort and general content the life of the modern bachelor woman is only exceeded by that of the modern bachelor. Possibly she is never thoroughly happy, for there seems to be a good deal in the Byronic dictum that happiness was born a twin, but she is very generally content. And content pays larger dividends than happiness in the long run.

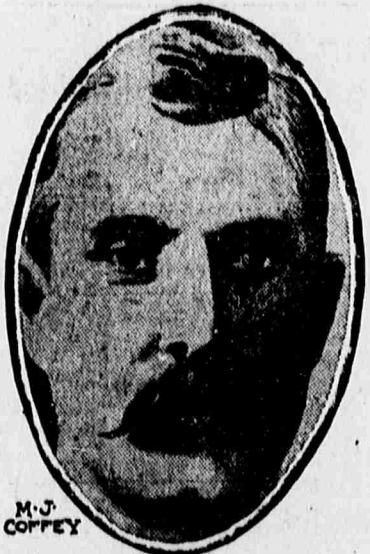
If she has money enough to live nicely, entertain her friends and go wherever she pleases, Fate has done as much for her as it ever does for any woman, and she has been wise enough not to attempt to improve on the job. If she hasn't money and has to work for it even, she generally manages to devote more attention to her own life than the married woman, who if it were not for the Mormon theory of "ministering angels" would have no chance to get even.



On The Public's Service

The Evening World Will Print Here Every Day
an Editorial on Some Important Popular Need

The Millions in "Honest" Graft.



M. J. COFFEY

FORMER Alderman and Senator Michael J. Coffey has sued the estate of the late Hugh McLaughlin, Boss of Brooklyn, for \$600,000, alleged to be lacking in his share in a "divide" of \$3,553,000 in the securities of the Nassau Railroad Company.

This corporation was organized by Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and captured many miles of Brooklyn streets, through the favor of the local ring. It is now part of the B. R. T.

Mr. Johnson believes in doing as others do but talking differently. The millions did not represent the putting up of a single dollar by McLaughlin, Coffey & Co. They handed Mr. Johnson the right to take the People's streets and took the \$3,553,000 for doing it, just as once before they took \$3,000,000 from the promoters of the

Union Elevated on precisely the same basis.

These several groups of promoters cheerfully gave up millions in potential securities for public rights to a political syndicate that controlled the Aldermanic votes. They will not even pay their taxes to the community.

Just as the Metropolitan and Huckleberry roads enriched Croker and, his kind, the Brooklyn rascals feathered their nests at public expense. Nobody is in jail; nobody is going. They even talk of erecting a statue of McLaughlin.

Mr. Coffey was in his youth an excellent coal-heaver on the gunboat Monticello; his assistant, Mr. James Shevlin, was second cook on the Cumberland; his legal adviser, Mr. Anthony Barrett, passed the mess kids to the tars on the gun deck. Mr. McLaughlin cleaned fish. Mr. Croker's early past is in doubt.

The Republic is indeed opportunity when accompanied by proper political powers and good legal advice—say that of Mr. Edward Lauterbach, for example, who we note is preparing a bill at Albany to make the collection of Subway damages easy for—his clients.

Mary Jane Learns Jiu-Jitsu

But She Does So at the Expense of Her Pop's Patience and Kickums's Bones.



Cleveland's Wit.

DURING his second term as President Grover Cleveland once was asked to speak at a function in a certain town. When he arrived the wind was blowing a gale, sleet was driving and hailstones as nearly as large as marbles were fiercely falling. Of course, the inevitable brass band was at the station to meet him, and at the sight of the President the performers struck up with all their power. "What is the most realistic music I ever heard," remarked Cleveland. "What are they trying to play?" asked Secretary Olney, who accompanied him. "Hail to the Chief!" replied the President.

"Step Lively!"

IN Subway grottos the rushing crowd. By uniformed deck hands are cowed. Who push and cry in accents loud: "Step lively!"

With haste we pile into the car. While harsh upon our feelings jar. That chant that pierces loud and far: "Step lively!"

You may be moving at a hop. And hope into a seat you'll drop. But still that scream will never stop: "Step lively!"

At stations we pile off pell-mell. While train-guards, grabbing for the bell, Keep up the old familiar yell: "Step lively!"

At night we settle down to sleep. But nightmare-guards a vigil keep. And shriek in accents loud and deep: "Step lively!"

Oh, when these pests go deeper yet. Where all is warm and never wet. By this glad cry they will be met: "Step lively!"

WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

Tense in Politics.

CONGRESSMAN Sydney E. Mudd of Maryland, was approached in one of the House lobbies recently by a Marylander in search of a job. The applicant wanted the Congressman's endorsement. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Mudd. "In Baltimore," replied the applicant, hopefully. "But Baltimore's not in my district," declared Mr. Mudd, edging away. "I know I'm not in your district," replied the seeker for political office, "but I used to live in your district once, for almost three months." "So," said Mr. Mudd, impressively, "there is no past tense in politics—only present and future."

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Overworked Schoolgirls.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We mothers think it about time there was something done to regulate study courses in the high schools. Young girls are sometimes compelled to sit up until 2 o'clock A. M. because of the outrageously long, non-essential studies. Books are so thick nowadays, yet they must be gone through with. German story books must be read superficially because students must push through so many of them. There are also sometimes thirty and forty examples in algebra, geometry and physics. What use are such things for girls?

DISTRACTED MOTHER.
Yes, Mrs. Place.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was there ever any woman electrocuted in New York?
M. B.

The Profit Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here is my answer to the Profit Problem, which reads: "If a man gets a suit for \$10, with 10 per cent. discount, and sells it for \$10, what per cent. profit does he make?" The suit costs him \$9, for that is equivalent to a 10 per cent. discount. In selling it for \$10 he makes a profit of \$1, or 11-1/9 per cent. of the cost.
H. H.

Shall He Hunt Up His Father?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My father deserted my mother when I was six years old, and twenty-nine years have elapsed since we heard from him. I now have his address in my possession. Readers, please advise me. Would you make yourself known if you were I?
J. L.

Slow Subway Expresses.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Has any one in the last month been able to make a single trip on schedule time on a Subway express? If so, I am not that man. The Subway expresses run almost on time just often enough to encourage the commuters. Then some day there's a delay, and I reach work nearly half an hour late and almost get fired for it. The Subway trains had "practice trips" for weeks before they were opened to the

public. That should have given them time to get everything in order for schedule-time runs. If a play had been rehearsed for weeks and then, on production, the actors didn't know their lines it would be hissed off the stage. Yet the only Subway has come from my boss when I'm late.
A. Mac.

Steam-Heated Flats.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
There is a grand future awaiting the man who will invent an apparatus which will really keep a steam-heated flat warm and that will supply really hot water for it at all hours of the day, winter (personal). This man often the steam heat runs riot on warm days, and when zero days come it often takes a little vacation. This means grip, influenza and even pneumonia. Also the hot water is not hot in name much of the time. Can't some genius come to the rescue of chattering rent-payers? Let other victims testify.
A. M. FRODIE.

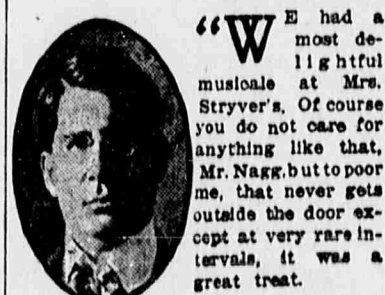
The Former Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says "Is it not ash?" is correct. B says "Is it not her?" is correct. Which is correct?
ANXIOUS.

Repair the Asphalt!
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why can't the asphalt companies be compelled to make repairs on streets for which they are responsible? The streets on the lower east side are in an awful condition, and the writer learns that the Sicilian Company looks after most of them. But as Little Tim Sullivan runs this company, they will not repair them until the spring. Accidents are happening every day, and freemen going through there at night do so at great risk on account of large holes in the pavement.
CITIZEN.

Harvard's Seal.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can you tell me what the following sentence means: "Seal of the Academies in Now Ang. Christ, of Ecclesiae, Ve-Ri-Tas?"
H. V. B.
It is Latin for: "Seal of Harvard Academy (or College) in New England, For Christ and the Church. Truth!"

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

... By Roy L. McCardell ...



ROY L. McCardell, "It is so pleasant to be among gentlewomen. Oh, Mr. Nagg, I have had high ideals; you may laugh me to scorn for such things, but I tell you I always had high ideals. If I was the sort of woman that gossiped over the back fence about my neighbors' affairs, I went clacking around the house from morning until night like some people I know, why, oh, no, Mr. Nagg, I am not going to mention your sister. Please do not start a row about family affairs. Let your sister go her way and I will go mine. I would not demean myself by noticing her."

"What was I going to say? Why, how you do run on! I was trying to tell you about Mrs. Stryver's muskadee. I would have been home long ago if it was dull and stupid, but I wasn't going to give Susan Stryver and Mr. Grady and the young man, for as soon as any of the women left, the rest drew their chairs closer together, after coaxing some one to sink, and the way they talked about the departing women was enough to make their ears burn."

"That is one thing I won't do, and that is talk about any one. Everybody has faults, but who are we that we should criticize? But as I told Mrs. Stryver, I was surprised to see her invite those Flippe girls. The point was an inch thick on them, and Dorothy Flippe, the youngest, was no less so tight that it is no wonder her nose is so red that all the powdering she may do it won't help."

"Mrs. Stryver's dress was that four-dollar-a-yard velvet, but her dress-maker had just ruined it. The skirt was crooked and the sleeves were put in wrong; she was a fright, and yet the girls she gives herself!"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that we talked about our friends. That is just like a man. If women talked about each other like men do, then you might say something. Look what you said about Mr. Smig, that he passed bad checks. And yet Mr. Smig has the most perfect manners. He may have left

his wife. But no one could stand that woman, she was a faultfinder and a trouble maker, and besides she deceived Mr. Smig. He always thought she had money and she hadn't a cent."

"Oh, look at home, Mr. Nagg, before you criticize my friends. How about your friends, Mr. Nagg? I have stood for years your abuse of my friends and I will stand no more. From morning until night, from daylight till dark, you find fault and grumble and criticize."

"You haven't said a word about any one, you say? Ah, that is just it. Instead of taking an interest, instead of being glad that I do know nice people and that I do associate with people of kindly ways and thought, you sneer at them and never say a word when I am to you about them."

"If you spoke of them you would say anything against them, you say? Of course, you wouldn't. In your eyes all women are perfect but me. To-day I heard you humming 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness.' It would be well for you if you scattered a few seeds of kindness in this house!"

"No, don't come near me. After saying as you have done, after thinking, if not saying, the things you think about my friends, then you want to gloss it over by saying, 'Don't be cross.' I will be cross. It would be better for me if I had been more cross."

"A woman of a tender, sympathetic nature like she is only mocked and abused."

"Why don't you be frank with me and tell me you despise me? Instead of that you try to mislead me by saying you are fond of me. But I don't want you to be fond of me when I know you think mean things of my friends."

"There, I knew he was only starting a fuss so's to have an excuse for leaving the house! And yet he pretends to care for me!"

An Admirer of Mrs. Nagg.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I appeal to you to use your influence or try to devise some plan to keep Mrs. Nagg at home. Her sunny disposition may be advantageous to the natures of half the women of New York. I must say that I have been benefited by her amiability. She is sadly missed when absent.
Mrs. M. M.
West Twenty-third street.



The "Fudge" Idiotorial

How to Be Heard From.
(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

The editor of The Voice of the Sphinx, a publication full of sweet song from Ariemas Ward, the Mullator of the Subway, asks us to tell him the best way to attract attention. We will do so at once! The best way is to MAKE A LOUD

NOISE! Then everybody will hear you! The LOUDER the noise the EASIER it is to be HEARD. Stand on a HOUSETOP and yell until the POLICE COME! This will do the trick. Some attention can be created by jumping off the bridge. It is better, however, to YELL, and not nearly SO DAMP. If you are pushing a good thing tell folks about it! HOLLER until you are HEARD! Then, perhaps, people will PAY you to STOP! Do not stop until it PAYS!